

THE FAMILY CIRCLE



CLARK GABLE . . . got some confusing advice about how to handle a newsreel camera from Albert Morin, noted Hollywood practical joker, when Clark was making "Too Hot to Handle." And before he learned that it was all just a gag, he got too hot for Morin to handle. See "Anything for a Laugh," pg. 10



ROBERT DONAT . . . as the mellowed Mr. Chipping in "Good-bye Mr. Chips," listens indulgently to his housekeeper chide him for extravagance in entertaining his favorite schoolboys. The remarkable Donat characterization and other highlights of the film are discussed inside

"MARBLE KING" BERRY PINK . . . is as straight a shooter as they come, and that has a lot to do with marbles' being more popular than ever before. Because they are, and because the National Marbles Tournament is on next week, we think this is a good time for you to meet Berry. See article on page 14





*Get the best
buttered*

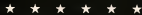
● Step right up, everybody, and get your hot, juicy hamburgers. Fisher's Ground Meat is all meat . . . all fresh meat . . . all freshly ground. It's one of those things that makes your picnic such a pleasant memory!

FISHER FOODS

CLEVELAND - OWNED

"CHAMPIONS OF GOOD LIVING"

Fisher's
FRESH
GROUND
MEAT



COMBINE EQUAL PARTS OF ROMANCE

AND MYSTERY, SEASON WITH HUMOR

AND SUSPENSE, AND SERVE SIZZLING

— THAT'S THE RECIPE USED HERE



A MATTER FOR EXPERTS

BY LEW DIETZ



Lorne's blue eyes gave Brad a sharp, full appraisal. "I just want to be sure," she said. "We need the money—we need it desperately!"

THE telephone rang and Brad Matthews glared across at Sam Goff, the *Examiner's* ace cameraman, who sat with his hat over his ears placidly tossing salted nuts down his throat. "One sweet vacation I'm getting!" Brad growled. "I should have known better than to leave my address at the office."

Brad took his big lean-hipped body across the hotel room and snatched up the receiver. "Well, what is it?" he snapped. The switchboard girl crooned, "Boston is calling. One moment, please." Then the high-pitched, honking voice of Joe MacCallum, the city editor, came through. "Brad? This you, Brad? Can you hear me?"

"You and a flock of geese, too, I think. Say, once a year I get a vacation—"

"Tell me about it sometime when it's not costing us any money," MacCallum interrupted. "I take it Sam's there. I told him to pick you up and get on over to Northport. The Roger Hawleys' summer shack is over there, and I don't have to tell you this Hawley-Saunders wed-

ding is big doings. You know what the Hawleys are in Boston. Well, this Harrison Saunders doesn't rate first pew socially, but he's lousy rich."

"I know, I know," said Brad. "But what I don't know is why they have to get married up here in Maine when I'm fishing. Look—weddings aren't my line, Mac. What's the matter with your hens?"

"Sally Bourne's laid up and Dot is doing sob angles on the Hammerley trial," MacCallum explained. "Anyway, I want a little more than just society-wedding stuff. We haven't got a thing on Saunders—he's just a name here in Boston. I want you and Sam to get right over and stir up something before the wedding tomorrow. Get some pictures, and if you can't do any better, boil up a hobby story. Dot tells me that if you mention he has one of the finest collections of early Flemish paintings in the country, he'll thaw out like a snowball in May."

"What in the name of the prophets do I know about Flemish paintings?" Brad yelled.

"Probably as much as Saunders," said MacCallum. "According to Dot, he just buys them so no one else can get them. It's cultural, I guess, or something. Anyway, that's the story, Brad. Got it?"

"Sure," Brad said, "right in the neck!" He dumped the receiver back on the hook. "And if I'd gone to the South Pole on my vacation, it would be my luck to have Byrd drop in and marry an Eskimo."

Sammy Goff went on gazing out the window. "So this is Maine!" he said skeptically. "I been here three hours and I ain't so much as seen a moose."

"Wedding!" Brad flicked the butt of his cigarette into the fireplace. "They'll be sending me out to cover the egg-rolling on the White House lawn next. Come on, Tumbleweed, let's get this over with!"

IT was 80 miles to Northport on the coast—80 miles through knobby, spruce-fringed hills. It was just after high noon when Brad and Sammy sighted the white spire of the Northport church ahead. As they rolled into the twisting, elm-shaded streets, Brad saw that the Hawley-Saunders wedding had arrived. It had descended upon the town like a plague of locusts. Men in flannels and checkered jackets, women with red fingernails and gay sweaters were drifting all over the place. Brad nosed his car in to the curb between a couple of shiny custom-built phaetons and jumped out and went into the drugstore.

To his question, the man behind the counter shook his

head. "If you mean for the night, I don't guess you will. Town's pretty well filled up. Wedding. Of course, there's the Varnum place down the road a piece. Don't as a rule take in paying guests—not that they don't need the money. Just round the bend you'll see a white house with some big trees—"

"Thanks," Brad said on the way out. "Maybe if the Hawleys haven't moved in, we can borrow a tree for the night."

They found the Varnum place without much difficulty. It was a barn of a house with a low hip roof and close eaves, set deep in a stand of firs.

Brad clicked up the emergency brake and was just stepping out of the car when a gate banged. Turning, he spied a tall, supple girl coming toward them with a trowel. She glanced back over her shoulder as she advanced. Then she stopped and stood looking at them questioningly, shoving back a lock of hair from her forehead with the back of her work glove.

Looking uneasily at the trowel, Brad asked, "Is this the Varnum place?"

Harrison Saunders gasped and dashed forward, but he came up sharply as Hoffstater blocked the fire. There was a gun in his hand. "Let's not be foolish," Hoffstater said. "In a few minutes, Mr. Matthews," he added, "we can call the incident closed."

Relief softened the girl's face and she nodded quickly. "Yes. I'm Lorne Varnum. You're from Boston, then."

"That's right. I was told—"

"Yes, yes—I know. I didn't expect you until tomorrow, but I'm glad you're here. You'll stay for the night, of course."

"Sure, baby—" Sammy began, but Brad cut him off.

"If it's not an inconvenience," said Brad, "we'd appreciate it, Miss Varnum."

"Yes, of course you must. Bring your things along and I'll show you your room."

Brad stood staring after her as she hurried back up the walk. He wasn't sure just what to think, but something told him that things were picking up. This girl was something special—something superspecial.

"Well, what you waitin' for?" Sammy Goff asked.

"A bed she says. I spent the last three nights on a pool table."

LORNE met them at the door and led the way up the carpeted stairs and into a (Please turn to page 6)



*They're working up a
"4 O'clock Appetite"*



A MATTER FOR EXPERTS

(Continued from page 5)

large high-ceilinged room. There she turned and said, "I'm sorry, I don't believe I know your name. I just asked Mr. Hanson to send anyone who was available."

"Bradley Matthews. And this—" he shoved a thumb at Sam, who was testing one of the twin beds with the palms of his hands—"is Sam Goff."

She looked at Sam quizzically. Your—"?" "That's right," Brad said quickly. "I captured him young and trained him."

"Oh. . . . And that reminds me," she said hesitatingly. "Well—you see, I'd rather not have Dad know you're an expert. He—he might not understand. Do you mind if—" Lorne stopped apprehensively as a door down the hall opened and a rumble of voices was heard approaching. "That's Dad and Mr. Hoffstater. Dad sent for him when he—ah—discovered it. I'll go and explain to him. Do you mind awfully if I tell him—well, that you're just a private collector here for the wedding and that you happened to hear about it. That will give you a chance to refresh yourself before you meet them."

"Make mine rye," Sammy called from a supine position on the bed as Lorne hurried from the room.

When Lorne had gone, Brad spun on Sam. "Listen, you mope," he said, "can't you keep your yap closed two minutes? We got a bed, sure, but do you realize we're supposed to be experts on something and we don't even know what it is?"

"Well," Sammy said, "when you find out what you're supposed to be, maybe you'll need a drink."

Brad dropped into a chair and reached for his pipe. One thing was sure: He'd dropped right smack into the middle of something. This girl was uneasy. No, it was more than that—she was frightened, and it was Brad's guess that she wasn't the sort of girl who scared easily.

Brad had just about decided that maybe he wasn't the type to help lovely maidens in distress when there was a soft rap at the door and Lorne Varnum looked in.

"Father," she said, "this is Bradley Matthews. And Mr. Hoffstater, Mr. Matthews. Dad, I've asked Mr. Matthews to stay here to relieve the congestion at the Hawleys."

Mr. Varnum, a tall bow-shouldered man with a mane of white hair, gave his daughter a quick searching glance, then his piercing blue eyes shunted to Brad. "It seems that news gets around pretty quickly, Mr. Matthews. I had intended to keep this find a secret until Mr. Hoffstater proves beyond question that it's a Van Eyck."

"Matthews. . . um. . . Bradley Matthews," Mr. Hoffstater murmured. He was a sharp-eyed man with a pointed beard, and he was toying musically with a button of his blue double-breasted suit. "Strange. I'm familiar with the names of most collectors; Mr. Matthews."

The room seemed suddenly charged as their eyes locked. There was something curiously guarded and alert about this man with the beard. And from the corner of his eye Brad saw that the flat straight back of the girl had tensed.

Brad said, "You might say I've just barely started, and I'm finding it fascinating."

Hoffstater was smiling urbanely. "And expensive, Mr. Matthews. If this find of Mr. Varnum's proves genuine, it's worth a small fortune. I won't know for certain until tomorrow—after I've analyzed the pigments. Until then, of course, I should advise Mr. Varnum to restrain any temptation to show it to anyone."

"Yes. Quite right," Mr. Varnum said hastily. "Perhaps tomorrow, then, Mr. Matthews."

(Please turn to page 9)

YOU'LL FIND WHOLESGOME NBC GRAHAMS AN IDEAL BETWEEN- MEAL FOOD

WHEN the problem of how to satisfy young appetites "in-between-times" comes up, you can't find a better solution than NBC Grahams. These delicious crackers help supply energy that active children need. They digest easily, don't spoil appetites for regular meals. Best of all—the young folks love their crunchy goodness—their natural graham flavor. Order NBC Grahams from your food store tomorrow. They're deliciously fresh!



Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

SWISS SHORTCAKE

Something to godel about

- | | |
|----------------|------------------------------|
| 3 cups berries | 1/2 cup softened butter |
| 6 slices bread | 1/2 tsp 1 cup whipping cream |

Wash and pick over berries. Add sugar to taste. Spread both sides of bread slices with butter; brown in heavy frying pan or griddle, turning once; and cut in triangles or halves lengthwise. Place 2 or 3 pieces to make whole slice of toast on dessert plate; cover with berries; and top with sweetened whipped cream. Serves 6.

RASPBERRY GRIDDLECAKES

The batter makes a hit

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 cup raspberries | 2 eggs |
| 2 cups all-purpose flour | 1/2 cup butter-milk |
| 1 tsp. soda | 2 tbsp. melted shortening |
| 1 tsp. salt | |
| 2 tbsp. sugar | |

Wash and pick over berries; drain well. Sift flour; measure; and sift again with soda, salt, and sugar. Beat eggs; add buttermilk and shortening; add to dry ingredients; and beat with rotary beater only until batter is smooth. Fold in raspberries. Drop by tablespoonfuls on hot lightly greased griddle; turn cakes when bubbles break; and bake until golden brown. Serve with heated honey. Makes 10 to 12 4-inch griddlecakes.

STRAWBERRY-GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

Serve as refreshment

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 pkg. strawberry-flavored gelatin | 1 cup halved strawberries |
| 1/2 cup hot water | 1 cup diced grapefruit sections |
| 1/2 cup grapefruit juice | |

Dissolve gelatin in hot water; add grapefruit juice. Chill until syrupy. Add strawberries and grapefruit. Pour into individual molds or large mold; chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce; garnish with mayonnaise. Serves 6 to 8.

BAKED BERRY DUMPLINGS

Use any berries

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| 4 cups berries | 1/2 tsp. salt |
| 1/2 cup sugar | 2 tbsp. shortening |
| 1/2 cup flour | 1 egg |
| 1/2 tsp. baking powder | Milk |

Wash and pick over berries; drain well. Combine 1 cup sugar and 1/2 cup flour; sprinkle over berries; cook slowly 5 minutes, or until juice begins to bubble up around berries, stirring occasionally; and pour into casserole or baking dish. Sift remaining flour and remaining sugar with baking powder and salt. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles corn meal. Break egg into measuring cup; beat with fork; and add enough milk to make 1/2 cup. Add to flour mixture; stir with fork just until all flour is dampened. Drop by spoonfuls onto hot berry mixture. Bake 15 minutes, or until done, in hot oven (450° F.). Serves 6.

It's the BERRIES



IT'S the berries! That's what everyone will be appreciatively exclaiming for a couple of months to come, for there is no season which offers more taste-testing opportunities than the berry season. There are the delectable shortcakes made with sponge cake, enriched biscuit dough, or toast. And these may be served in a variety of ways, as illustrated. Then there are juicy berry pies, fresh berries and cream, and all the berry jams and jellies. Such goodness is worth waiting for through the long winter!

The berry family is a large one with few parents and many offspring. Members of the clan most important commercially are strawberries; red, purple, and black raspberries; blackberries; loganberries; youngberries; and those newcomers the boysenberries. With the exception of strawberries, these are all closely related. To trace their lineage is somewhat difficult because the varieties we know in this country have been crossed with berries from other countries and they have been developed and improved until they hardly resemble their parents. This careful breeding has produced berries which are far superior in both size and flavor to the berries of a few years ago.

All berries, including strawberries, may, of course, be used interchangeably in recipes for shortcakes, pies, dumplings, fritters, and the like. However, in canning there are slight differences. Because blackberries, loganberries, youngberries, and boysenberries are rich in pectin when firm and not too ripe, they make delicious jellies as well as jams and preserves. Strawberries



Cut pastry circles—put dessert on one half—

On other half, place berries, sugar, butter—fold, bake

"Kitchening"—a cheerily red binder, completely indexed and designed to hold more than 200 pages—is ideal for these useful, unprinted binders and for recipes of your own. Send for one of these useful, unprinted binders and don't forget your own cook book. We're offering "Kitchening"—a pocket-size for only 25¢ in coin or stamps. Send your order with your return address marked plainly on the outside of the envelope to Julia Lee Wright at Box 462, Oakland, California. Or let this friendly, California address in Modesto, New York City—Modesto address is nearer to you.

MAKE YOUR OWN COOK BOOK

Julia Lee Wright

BUREAU
TESTED
RECIPES

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

and raspberries are so low in pectin that they will not jell without the addition of pectin-rich fruits or commercial pectins. For jams and preserves, though, they are splendid. And every berry of this big family may be put up in jars to be stored until next winter, when they will reappear in pies and cakes.

Although canning will be in full swing from now on, you really shouldn't overlook the marvelous possibilities which all of these berries offer for everyday eating.

To be sure, everyone has a special favorite in the berry clan. Some prefer strawberries—and strawberries always make you think of shortcake and fresh pie. Others like red, black, or purple raspberries best, and with the development of the new varieties which have a bit of a foreign strain in them, raspberries are gaining new boosters every season.

Among the black members of the berry family, the boysenberry is creating something of a sensation wherever it is known. This berry was discovered by accident by Rudolph Boyen of Southern California. There is some disagreement as to its ancestry. According to some authorities, it is said to be developed from three blackberries of unknown origin, the Cuthbert raspberry, and the loganberry. Others dispute the raspberry ancestry, and it is their belief that only the blackberries and the loganberry contributed to its deliciousness. The boysenberry is easily recognized by its enormous size—it sometimes is over an inch and a half long and is very plump and meaty. Its seeds are few and tiny, and its juice is especially sweet and tempting. This berry, delicious uncooked, is exceptionally flavorful when cooked.

All berries are more or less perishable and should be purchased for immediate use. If stored for any length of time, the bruised and crushed berries should be removed.

If you want your family to proclaim that the dessert is the berries, try serving them in one of the ways suggested here. We believe that you'll chime in on the chorus praising their deliciousness.

Julia Lee Wright

Director, Homemakers' Bureau,
The Family Circle Magazine, Box 660, Oakland, California



Berry in center

Enriched Biscuit mixture baked in ring mold.

JUNE 23

STRAWBERRY ROLL

Delicious with other berries, too

1½ cups flour	3 tbsps. shortening
1½ tbsps. baking powder	2 eggs
¼ tsp. salt	¼ cup sugar
¼ cup milk	¼ tsp. vanilla extract

Sift flour; measure; and sift again with baking powder and salt. Heat milk and shortening together until shortening is melted; cool. Beat eggs well; add sugar gradually, beating well after each addition; fold in flour mixture; add milk mixture and flavoring; and mix thoroughly. Pour into well greased shallow baking sheet (10x13x½) lined with greased Manila paper. Bake 15 minutes, or until done, in moderate oven (375° F.). Turn onto cloth sprinkled with powdered sugar; remove paper from bottom; roll up in cloth; and allow to cool. When cool, unroll; spread with STRAWBERRY FILLING (recipe follows); reroll; and serve at once. Garnish with whole berries. Serves 12.

Strawberry Filling

3 tbsps. sugar	1 cup sliced strawberries
1 cup whipping cream	

Add sugar to cream; whip until stiff. Fold in strawberries.

GLAZED FRESH STRAWBERRY PIE

Strawberry season special

3 cups fresh strawberries	¼ tsp. salt
1 egg	1 tbsps. butter
1 cup water	2 to 3 drops red vegetable coloring
¼ cup sugar	
3 tbsps. cornstarch	

Wash and hull strawberries. Fill baked 9-inch pastry shell with 2



300 fresh berries in pie shell



Sponge cake, whipped cream, berries

cups whole berries. Crush remaining 1 cup berries; cook with water 5 minutes; strain; and measure out 1 cup. Combine sugar, cornstarch, and salt; add to berries; and cook 3 minutes, or until thick and clear, stirring constantly. Add butter and red coloring. Cool slightly. Pour glaze by spoonfuls over fruit, being careful to coat all thoroughly. Chill. Garnish with whipped cream and whole berries. Makes 1 9-inch pie. Serves 6 to 8.

BERRY PIE

Luscious

4 cups berries	3 to 4 tbsps. quick cooking tapioca or 4 to 5 tbsps. flour
1½ to 1½ cups sugar	1 tbsps. butter
¼ tsp. nutmeg	

Wash and pick over berries. Combine with sugar, nutmeg, and tapioca or flour. Divide pastry, using slightly more than half for lower crust. Roll this thicker than usual; line 9-inch piepan; and trim off edge so 1 inch extends over edge of pan. Pour fruit mixture in shell; dot with butter; fold flap of pastry in; and over fruit ¼ inch from edge; and moisten edge of pastry. Roll remaining pastry about ¼ inch thick; cut slits to allow steam to escape; place on pie; trim even with edge of pan; and press edges together with tines of fork, pressing from outer edge toward center. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven (450° F.); reduce temperature to moderate oven (350° F.); and bake 20 to 30 minutes longer, or until fruit is cooked. Makes 1 9-inch pie. Serves 6 to 8.

IT'S CANNING SEASON AGAIN!

Every year fresh fruits and vegetables are flooded into the market and the canner is faced with the problem of preserving them. The answer is simple: CANNING. In plenty of time to spare, you can prepare your own canned goods. The Bureau of Home Economics has prepared this book of tested recipes, and it is the only one of its kind. It contains all the information you need to know about canning, and it is the only one of its kind. It contains all the information you need to know about canning, and it is the only one of its kind. It contains all the information you need to know about canning, and it is the only one of its kind.

A MATTER FOR EXPERTS

(Continued from page 6)

THE men went out, and Lorne remained, looking after the retreating figure of her father, lines of concern breaking the smoothness of her forehead. Watching her closely, Brad decided that perhaps he was the type of idiot, after all, to take a dive into this thing with his eyes closed. He liked Lorne's looks—her clear skin touched with sun, strong cheekbones, the arch of her young, smooth throat.

Lorne, sensing his appraisal, turned, flushing. "I'm sorry," she said swiftly, "to make this seem such an—uh—intrigue. It's really nothing. But I do wish you'd prevail upon them to let you see it. You would know, wouldn't you?"

"I might even know without looking at it," Brad said quietly. "Anyway, you can count on me for what I'm worth."

Then Lorne was gone, leaving a warming smile behind her. Brad sank slowly to the bed. Well, there it was: He'd locked himself in and thrown away the key. Bradley Matthews, art expert! He had come to cover a wedding. . . . Brad's brows wedged sharply. "Tumbledown. . .," he said aloud. "Harrison Saunders is here for his wedding, and isn't he nuts about Flemish paintings? Has it occurred to you that this burg has got pretty art-conscious?"

Sammy opened one eye. "People come and people go and nothing ever occurs to me," he said. "Maybe we'd better leave this Van Whoist business alone. I got to get over to mug this Saunders guy sometime before the wedding."

"From where I sit now," Brad said, "it looks as if this Saunders might come to us. In the meantime I'll leave you to your stupor. I'm going out to stick my beagle nose into something."

Brad found Lorne out in the garden down on her knees poking the earth with her trowel. She looked up expectantly as he approached, then meeting his eyes her face fell. "Is—something wrong?" she asked.

He held her gaze levelly. "That's just what I want to ask you," said Brad. "Who is this Hoffstater?"

"Why, he's a dealer and something of an art expert, according to Dad. When Dad found this painting stowed away in the attic, he got in touch with him."

"Then," Brad asked, "why me?"

Lorne's smoky blue eyes gave Brad a sharp, full appraisal. "Well, I just want to be sure, that's all," she said. "We need the money—we need it desperately. There's no use denying that. I just want to know what this painting's worth."

"You don't trust Hoffstater?"

"I never said that," she defended warmly.

"No, I said it," replied Brad. "And incidentally, I might add Hoffstater doesn't trust me—at least not enough to let your father give me a peek at the treasure until he has time to check up on me. Maybe I just don't look as if I could afford to collect anything but old match folders. Or maybe he just thinks that Harrison Saunders is a safer proposition."

LORNE got up and brushed the soil from the rough nap of her skirt. Presently she asked, "What has Mr. Saunders got to do with this?"

"Look," Brad said, "we're getting nowhere at all this way, so it looks as if I might as well close up my kit and leave."

"No! Please!" she said. "I—I do need someone. But don't you see there might be nothing—nothing at all in this discovery. For generations our family have been seafarers, and our attic is cluttered with all sorts of strange things from all corners of the earth. Why should I question Mr. Hoff-

(Please turn to page 17)

Don't be a MOTHER HUBBARD HOSTESS



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Star Dried Beef	Star Ox Tongue	Star Pickled Pigs Feet
Star Hamburger and Onions	Star Beef Stew	Star Ham Loaf
Star Vienna Sausage	Star Lamb Stew	Star Pickled Lamb Tongue
Star Chili Con Carne		Star Meat Gravy

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David Niven—the joke played on him was huge (400 pounds)

Vince Barnett—he found a career helping Harris harass

Luke Barnett—he got a dumb waiter he knows all the ropes

George Bernard Shaw—between him and Vince Barnett there fast developed a very action

Robert Benchley—the French journalist "sharptone" and "Click-bell" were great to him

Claudette Colbert—she was visibly relieved when Don Ameche got a beaver to bodden her

Robert Taylor—his comely partner, the Marjorie Lawrence proved not to be as fit as his words

Carole Lombard—most of Hollywood's great ribbers got a mess of ribs in one go with this. And it did not take a card read in the towel to

At that Shaw bridled, but before he could speak, Barnett continued, "I want a new statement from you, and for heaven's sake make it good or I'll be fired."

"What do I care if you get fired?" shouted the now frenzied Shaw. "Besides, don't you know better than to interrupt people at their breakfast?"

"Thanks, but I'm not hungry," Barnett replied.

"I didn't invite you. And now get out!" ordered Shaw.

"Oh, thank you. If you insist, I'll have some tomato juice," Barnett said graciously and asked a glass for the stunned Mrs. Shaw to fill.

Then he turned to his unwilling host and asked him to tell about England's plan to subsidize writers. Shaw said he hadn't heard of any such plan.

"You ought to keep up on current events," said Barnett.

Young man, I make current events," Shaw retorted.

After several more minutes of childish in which he played the playwright mercilessly, Barnett confessed it was all a hoax. At which the Shavian features became wreathed in smiles. It is said the incident is still one of Shaw's favorite anecdotes of his American trip. Mrs. Shaw, however, didn't relax at all.

Here's an episode which is typical of hundreds with which Barnett has convulsed Hollywood. Just before the time Barnett was once scheduled to report at MGM, a long series of telegrams from New York were received by the studio. All the messages told of the impending arrival of one Senor Tomas Gomez, owner of the largest chain of theatres in his native Mexico, for whom two weeks couldn't be done. It seemed that Senor Gomez spoke and understood English poorly, and one of the messages suggested that an interpreter be on hand when he arrived.

When the visiting exhibitor put in an appearance, a top executive at the studio met him with a grand flourish and a pretty speech full of hands-across-the-border stuff. Then he took Gomez out on the lot to visit a stage being prepared for a Garbo picture. After describing the plot, the executive went into a shapshot about the great Garbo-per superb acting. All this the interpreter translated.

The theatre tycoon thought for a moment and then solemnly promised, "Garbo stinks!"

The studio executive and everyone in the reception party were stunned. Nevertheless, letters went to its next seat where later came the executive's raves on Mexican, including mention of her Academic Award. The same was duly switched into Kinair.

Fame. More deep thought. Then came Gomez's verdict: "Kinair stinks!"

By this time everyone was flabbergasted. They passed sets on which were working Myrna Loy, Jockey Rooney, Melvyn Douglas, Robert Taylor, and Norma Shearer. Unhappily came the same verdict for all of them. Scouring the services of the interpreter, Gomez, in carefully broken English, asked why they didn't have such a thing as Claudette Davis, Paul Muni, and James Cagney, who did not stink. (And who also, incidentally, were not with MGM.) Perspiring and speechless, the guide, nodding that it was noon, left the way to the commissary.

"You'll like the lunch today," he finally said placatingly. "We have chile con carne."

Ham sandwich on rye," ordered Senor Gomez in his Vince Barnett voice as he removed his mustaches and fake bushy eyebrows. What the studio executive said as he exited amid the laughs of the other diners who were in on the rib just reportable. But the next day he left for a month's vacation in which was what his associates who engineered the act had wanted him to do. Up to then he hadn't wanted to go away, so they figured that if they could work him into a near-nervous breakdown, he'd take a rest.

ANOTHER of Hollywood's professional ribbers became one quite by accident. Alvin Karpis, in the personae of Senor France and Spain, came to Hollywood as a boy. He became an actor and played minor roles in English-language pictures, but in foreign-language films he got leading parts because of his ability to speak French and Spanish. One day he got into an argument with a cameraman over politics, and it didn't take him long to find that the cameraman was a holdout. So for the amusement of the onlookers, he kept on subtly stirring up the pot. He was eventually fired, and the business was Robert Z. Leonard, the director, and he winked at Morin to keep it up.

Robert Z. Leonard, the director, and he winked at Morin to keep it up.

(Please turn the page)

ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH

TIME was when the practical joke was the peculiar province of the village cutup and therefore was frowned upon by the town's better element. But times change and now not only has the technique of the practical joke been revamped, it has even been resuscitated. Today a bit of horseplay is called a rib, and ribbing has become a form of entertainment accepted and cherished in our best social circles.

Anywhere in the world is to be a more popular pastime than in Hollywood. It blossoms there to an extraordinary degree. For with so many thousands of people in the business of thinking up and acting out gag situations for the films, it's only natural that they should try out some in private life. The screen center will remain the ribbing capital of the world as long as it has more stuffed shirts per swimming pool than any other community. And the laughs resulting from their deflating one another's pomposity have re-echoed in New York, Washington, London, and other places where are ribbers chance to meet and relive past pranks.

One day as Jack Warner, production head of Warner Brothers' studios, was entertaining John H. Harris, a prominent Pittsburgh theatre owner, in his office, a man burst in upon them. In broken English he said he was the owner of a small movie house in Los Angeles. He was treating Mr. Warner for showing partiality to a big exhibitor like Harris. The more Warner tried to calm the man down, the more infuriated he became. In an endeavor to act as peacemaker, Harris himself was soon enveloped in the argument and eventually the two came to blows. This was too much for Warner and he yelled for the studio police. They were about to throw the intruder out bodily when Harris confessed that it was all a joke—that both the argument and even the fight had been carefully rehearsed. Then Harris introduced his collaborator, Vince Barnett. That happened about 15 years ago and since that day Barnett has been kept busy in Hollywood in the unusual career of professional troublemaker. It's profitable, too, for the movie colony just adores being insulted, especially when the laugh is on the other fellow. Vince learned the technique of the practical joke from his father, Luke Barnett, who found working his gags at conventions, dinners, and speeches a profitable as well as an amusing way to supplement his income as salesman.

The elder Barnett's specialty was posing as a waiter and then insulting guests or dropping food over them until they were ready to murder him. One of his most famous exploits was staged at the luxurious home of the late Col. Henry Huddleston Rogers, the Standard Oil millionaire, where an outsize party was in progress. Dressed as a waiter and carrying a tray laden with glasses of wine, Luke made his way noisily through the drawing room.

"Piss to make room! Every body piss to step so no I piss," he commanded with a marked accent.

As Rogers reached for a glass of wine, Luke turned to someone else. He served all around but never offered the tray to the host. Bustling back to the pantry, he returned with another full tray and again served everyone but Rogers.

Slightly annoyed, Rogers said, "I'd like to have a glass this time."

To which Luke replied, "Fitz, I must serve the ladies." And he then proceeded to serve three men just a few feet away.

Amazed, Rogers sat down. Posing him, Luke let out an angry roar, "Fitz, I ask you why you don't keep your feet away from me? Why can't you keep your feet in like they should be? You stick your feet out like that just for fun to see me take 'em!"

Needless to say, this tirade attracted the attention of the guests, who crowded round to find out what was the matter. As the colored choked with rage, Luke turned to a guest and said, "Colonel Rogers, will you please make this fellow keep his feet in like they belong?" The guest hastened to set Luke straight. "But I'm not Colonel Rogers," he said. "That's the name of the man who was just talking to me." Advancing menacingly on the innocent guest, Luke said loudly, "Fitz no make fun of me. Colonel Rogers."

"But he is Colonel Rogers, you fool!" the guest of the small movie house shouted.

"You call me fool?" shouted Luke in disbelief. "Oh, no! I know that Luke is not Colonel Rogers. That tells me know how to act in first-class joint. He ask for punch before the ladies and he make his feet for me to fall down."

PRACTICAL JOKING IS ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE PASTIMES. NO ONE ESCAPES, AND THE BIGGER THE STAR, THE HARDER HE OR SHE IS LIKELY TO FALL—FOR A RIB

BY CORDELIA B. MAKARIUS

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as a ribber and introducing him around to those who might use him in such a capacity. So convincing is Morin when he undertakes his tanning in deeply accented English that he has taken in a long list of celebrities including Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, Irvin S. Cobb, Frank Buck, Al Jolson, and John Barrymore.

Clark Gable had never met Morin until he appeared on the "Too Hot to Handle" set as "technical adviser." The picture, you may recall, was about the exploits of a newsreel cameraman, and Morin, although he actually knows nothing about it, was introduced to Gable as the best in the business. After listening to ten minutes of a complicated, confusing, and contradictory explanation of how to handle a newsreel camera, Gable asked a question.

"Turning his flashing eyes on Clark, Morin said, 'I beg your pardon, gentleman, but dat I am not accustomed to—being interrupted. Even the great Gable cannot do dat to me!'"

Nonplused, the star replied, "See here—it isn't necessary to give me any of that 'great Gable' stuff."

"Aha!" exclaimed Morin, "So you is getting temperamental!"

At that the screen idol grabbed his tormentor by the arm and said, "Just you stick to business and forget personalities!"

Morin sneered and started to make another crack, but Gable let go with his right. "That blow started from the floor," Morin said, "and if I hadn't ducked, it would have knocked me cold. Luckily Myrna Loy came running out before I was murdered and told Clark it was all a rib. Since then Gable and I have been good friends."

Morin's method of getting Robert Benchley's goat is still fondly remembered by Robert Montgomery, who put him up to it by introducing him as a French journalist. Morin pretended to be particularly interested in knowing how Benchley could be both actor and writer at the same time.

"It's really simple," Benchley explained, "and I've been doing it for years."

"Ah, then you must find the kharitise system very useful," ventured the bogus journalist.

Embarrassed, Benchley confessed that he did not know what the kharitise system was.

"What, you do not know the kharitise system?" asked Morin, getting louder and a bit excited. "Incredible that you, a writer, should know nothing about it. The people of France will be very interested in this, I am sure." And he started scribbling some notes in a book. The bewildered Benchley, looking around for help, saw Montgomery, just out of Morin's sight, doubled up with laughter. Believing that Montgomery was laughing at the visitor's Frenchified English, he made motions for him to pipe down. At which Montgomery laughed all the more. Suddenly Morin became aware of the mirth and looked at Benchley questioningly.

"Don't mind him," the humorist apologized. "He doesn't know better than to laugh at a foreign accent."

Satisfied with the explanation of Montgomery's laughter, Morin proceeded with the next question. Did Mr. Benchley endorse the Clicknob school of acting? Again Benchley had to plead ignorance.

Then the pseudo-Frenchman exploded. "I thought I was talking to an experienced man, but you—you are only an amateur! My readers, they will laugh with me at you."

Forthwith Benchley lost his savvy and self-control and let loose with a very conservative opinion of the French press and its subscribers. But by this time Montgomery was well into hysterics and Morin was on his way there. So Benchley understood then that he had been the butt of a rib.

Morin uses such words as kharitise, Clicknob, sapataris, and droshbay, ingeniously and convincingly sprinkling them through his conversation to befuddle the Hollywood sophisticate.

He knows, of course, that his victim doesn't know what they mean, for the words have no meaning. And so, if the victim honestly admits his ignorance, he lets himself in for ridicule, at which Morin is a past master. On the other hand, if the victim pretends that he knows what it's all about, he soon finds himself trapped in his own bluff.

To be sure, stars do not always employ professionals to pull off their pranks. As a matter of fact, there is no more enthusiastic and eager ribber in Hollywood than Carole Lombard. Her prize gag was sending Clark Gable a valentine in the form of a broken-down automobile of venerable vintage. Appropriately decorated with ribbons, it was the nearest thing to a complete wreck on wheels that would still work which she could find. But Clark had the last laugh when he had the ear rebuilt with a high-powered engine, special gears, a new paint job, and with every conceivable shiny gadget. What's more, he drove it for months before finally disassembling it.

When Carole was making "Nothing Sacred," with Fredric March as costar, talent



Here's the climax of the ribbing duel which Carole Lombard and director William Wellman waged during the making of "Nothing Sacred." Carole's onslaught Wellman to any repeatedly. "Goah, girl, you sure drive me crazy!" So Carole prepared for the next loud burst time he should say it by having two hushies on hand, and the word "crazy" they strong-armed him into a straitjacket. For several hours he directed in close confinement. Fredric March, costar of the film, is also shown.

agent Myron Selznick and Russell Birdwell, former head of the Selznick studio's press department, wanted Carole to collaborate on a publicity stunt, but she was "too tired to bother." When they persisted, Carole stubbornly refused. So when her birthday came round a few days later, Selznick and Birdwell sent her, with love and kisses, a meaningful gift—a live donkey.

Once, though, Carole almost carried a joke too far. Several years ago, while she was making "We're Not Dressing," at Paramount, a feud developed between producer Benjamin Glazer and director Norman Taurog over the way the comedy scenes should be filmed. Carole's highly developed rag-bump started throbbing and as a result she sent Taurog several custard pies. With them she included a note, supposedly from Glazer, suggesting that Taurog have the actors throw the pies at one another, as in the old Sennett comedies. Naturally Taurog was furious, for he took the note to mean (as Carole had intended he should) that Glazer was comparing his methods and ideas with those of Sennett-era slapstick. Taurog immediately sent the pies and a sharp note of his own to Glazer. Then Glazer burned. The two men finally

got together, however, and after comparing notes they uncovered the plot and the plotter. Both Taurog and Glazer then walked grumpy onto the set and tossed the pies squarely at Carole. They didn't miss.

And speaking of Norman Taurog, Robert Taylor pulled a nifty on him at the last Academy Award dinner. Taurog was then directing Taylor in "Lucky Night," and Bob, knowing that Taurog was not a candidate for an award, sent him a consolation Oscar (nickname for an Academy Award statuette). It was a demijohn marked hydrocyanic acid. With it Bob sent a note suggesting that if Taurog felt as badly as he looked, he should drink the contents and get it over with. (The demijohn, however, contained only water.)

Katharine Hepburn once overheard Cary Grant ask a property man for a full-length mirror for his personal use. (Forthwith Miss Hepburn sent Cary one that was all decorated with funny sayings and which was flanked on one side by a ham and on the other by a garbage pail.)

While "Midnight" was in production, Don Ameche, playing opposite Claudette Colbert, perpetrated a good-natured joke on her. He hired an extra, an old man with a flowing white beard, to appear on the set one day and tell Claudette in front of the whole cast that she had been his favorite movie star since he was a boy. That to a young woman! Obviously it was a gag, but the old gentleman said it so seriously that Claudette became visibly flustered.

Gracie Allen says she has pulled the same April Fool's Day joke on husband George Burns for the past five years, and that he falls for it every time. It's just the simple old trick of putting lambchop on the mouthpiece of a telephone, and then having someone ring up George on that phone. George, it seems, is one of those telephone talkers who presses the mouthpiece against his mouth. Result: A nice black ring around his lips.

WHOMEVER said that Englishmen haven't a sense of humor doesn't know about the rib that Donald Crisp, Basil Rathbone, and Errol Flynn pulled on David Niven. One day they had a telegram delivered to Niven on the "Dawn Patrol" set. It read: I HAVE BEEN AN ADMIRER OF YOURS FOR MANY YEARS STOP JUST ARRIVED FROM LONDON AND WOULD BE THRILLED BEYOND WORDS TO BE PERMITTED TO WATCH YOU WORK STOP IF I MAY PLEASE PHONE ME AT ———. The signature was a woman's.

Niven showed the wire to his costars, and when Flynn read it, he exclaimed, "By George, I know her! I met her in England several years ago. She's really charming. Dave, why don't you ask her to come out?"

So Niven telephoned the sender of the telegram. Then he reported, "She's coming out to lunch."

Just before noon the young woman arrived. Niven took one look and found that he had to take several more to get a complete view of his visitor. His guest weighed in the neighborhood of 400 pounds! Playfully, Flynn, Crisp, and Rathbone had recruited the fat lady from a nearby circus. After his first gasp of astonishment, Niven offered her his arm, presented his costars, and gallantly led her off to lunch. But he isn't issuing any more luncheon invitations sight unseen.

The gag pulled on writer Claude Binyon by director Wesley Ruggles and the members of the cast of "True Confession" should not be overlooked. Binyon, who is a top writer in pictures, and who works with Ruggles almost exclusively, has a habit, while on a set, of isolating himself usually in a corner. So Ruggles and the cast took advantage of his practice of his to put him on the spot. They had a studio carpenter construct a little house. They labeled it BINYON'S CORNER and presented it to him with much ceremony.

(Please turn to page 17)

Sue Sutton's Menus

Sunday

Canned Shrimp and Celery Salad in Tomato Cups with Mayonnaise

Veal Slices Fricassee

Browned Rice

Buttered Italian Squash

Bread

Butter

Spiced Strawberry Shortcake

(Make shortcake with cinnamon biscuit base)

Iced Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Monday

Dried Beef Omelet
(Add shredded dried beef to omelet);
Buttered Reheated Browned Rice

Fresh Asparagus Tips with
Heated French Dressing
Sliced Onion and Lettuce
Salad with Salad Dressing

Toast Butter

Compote of
Fresh Fruit, Marshmallows,
and Toasted Coconut
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Wednesday

Vegetable Plate of Broiled Tomatoes,
Hot Deviled Eggs,
Leftover Mashed Potato Cakes, and
Reheated Spinach and Carrots

Kidney Bean and Sliced Pickled Beef
Salad with French Dressing

Corn Meal Muffins

Baked Fresh Fruit Casserole

Coffee, Tea, or Chocolate Milk

Thursday

Broiled Liver Cubes and Bacon
Squares on Skewers

Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce

Jellied Vegetable Salad
with Salad Dressing

Whole Wheat Bread Butter

Crumb-fried Bananas with
Currant Jelly Sauce

Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Tuesday

Park Sausage Cakes with

Milk Gravy

Mashed Potatoes

Green Gold Casserole
(Cook chopped spinach and
shredded carrots together, top
with shredded cheese, bake
until cheese is melted)

Bread

Butter

Packaged Vanilla Pudding
with Salted Peanuts and
Chocolate Sauce
Coffee, Iced Tea, or Milk

Friday

Canned Clam Fritters
Fried Shredded Potatoes
and Onions

(Shred or grate uncooked
potatoes and onions, fry)
Buttered Fresh Lima Beans
Sliced Tomatoes with
Horseradish Mayonnaise

Bread Butter

Hot Gingerbread with
Lemon Sauce
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Saturday

Canned Chinese Chow Mein
Heated Canned Crisp Fried Noodles
Pineapple and Tomato Salad with
Thousand Island Dressing

Green Onions Sautéed Peanuts Radishes

Hard Rolls Butter

Chilled Sliced Oranges Dusted with
Powdered Sugar and Cinnamon

Butter Wafers

Geranium Tea Milk

(Add crushed geranium leaves to tea
and hot water)

VEAL SLICES FRICASSEE

A new trick with veal

1½ pounds veal
steak
6 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons short-
ening

½ teaspoon salt
Pepper
1½ cups water
½ cup chili sauce

Cut veal in pieces for serving; dredge in 4 tablespoons flour. Melt shortening in heavy frying pan; brown veal, turning once; and season with salt and pepper. Add ¾ cup water; cover pan; and cook slowly 30 minutes. Combine remaining flour, remaining water, and chili sauce; pour over meat; and continue cooking 30 minutes, or until done. Serves 6.

BROWNED RICE

Leave uncovered during steaming

1 cup uncooked rice
3 tablespoons
cooking oil
2 tablespoons grated
onion

1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 cups cold water

Wash rice in cold water until water is clear, stirring with hand to remove starch. Drain well. Heat oil in heavy flat kettle; add rice; and brown 5 minutes, or until golden brown, stirring constantly. Add onion, seasonings, and water. Cover tightly; bring quickly to boil; reduce heat to very low; and steam 25 minutes, or until rice is tender and dry. Serve immediately. Serves 6.

JELLIED VEGETABLE SALAD

The garden variety

1 tablespoon un-
flavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1½ cups hot water
½ cup shredded
cabbage
1 cup cooked
fresh peas
½ cup cooked
green beans
1 cup diced fresh
tomato

2 teaspoons finely
sliced green onion
2 teaspoons finely
cut parsley
¼ cup finely
sliced radishes
½ cup diced
cucumber
½ cup shredded
raw cornish
½ medium-size
green pepper

Soften gelatin in cold water; add hot water; and stir until dissolved. Cool until thick and syrupy. Add vegetables and pepper cut in rings. Pour into 6 individual molds. Chill 2 to 3 hours, or until firm. Unmold to serve. Top with salad dressing. Serves 6.

CRUMB-FRIED BANANAS

A decorative dessert

4 large ripe bananas
¾ cup dry
macaroon crumbs

1 cup apricot jam
½ cup sliced
Brazil nuts

Peel bananas; cut in half lengthwise; and roll in crumbs. In shortening to half fill utensil and hot enough to lightly brown 1-inch cube of bread in 1 minute (375° F.), fry 3 minutes, or until brown, turning frequently. Drain on absorbent paper. Brush with melted apricot jam; sprinkle with nut meats. Arrange bananas in pyramid on serving plate. Serves 6.

And Recipes

SUMMER MEALS TASTE
BETTER—NOW THAT I
USE THAT GOOD
LAND O' LAKES
BUTTER



Chopped to Stay FRESH and SWEET in Warming Melts



Berry wears a hat in all pictures and whenever he's with kids. He's bold, and fears that if boys see him without a hat they'll consider him an older man, not accept him so willingly as one of them. And there would go his best fun

MARBLE

BERRY Pink, the Marble King, is worried. Last year he made enough marbles to supply every boy in the country with 50. He did a \$1,000,000 business in marbles for playing alone. This year he expects to beat that figure by a good margin. He makes more marbles by far than anyone else in the world and yet he can't begin to keep up with orders. And for his marbles he has several other outlets so profitable that he expects them soon to far exceed in volume his sales of marbles to youngsters. But still Berry Pink is worried. And all because it looks as if a girl may win the National Marbles Tournament scheduled to start on Monday at Wildwood, New Jersey, and end with the crowning of the national champion next Friday.

No girl has ever won the National Marbles Tournament in the 18 years that it has been held. But last year, too, a girl had Berry worried. She was Ruth Lapham, who beat all the boy contestants in Cleveland, her home town, and thus won the right to compete at Wildwood. There she knocked over her male opponents one by one until she came to the quarter finals, but even then it took Frankie Santo, who went on to win the championship, to beat her. Now Berry thinks that New York City's Bettye Lee Crammer may be better than Frankie was, so he is even more worried than he was last year.

And why is Berry worried? Because marbles is traditionally a boy's game and if a girl were to win the championship no one knows what it would do to the marbles business. Boys might be so ashamed of themselves that they would give up marbles altogether and then where would Berry Pink be? He wouldn't mind losing the business so much, because, as I have said, he expects it soon to become just a side line, but he would certainly feel that his best fun was gone if he couldn't

tour the country promoting local marbles tournaments, talking to youngsters and grownups about marbles, and finally sending several local champions to the national tournament each year and going there himself to award the Marble King cups and shoot games of marbles with the youngsters from all over the country.

MARBLERs were in a bad slump until Berry Pink came along. He has increased the sale of marbles 5,000% in seven years, but the fact that more marbles are sold today than ever before is pretty much an accident. And these are the events leading up to it:

When Berry was 16, he was a student at Princeton, where he had transferred from the University of Pennsylvania. That year

THE BIG MARBLES TOURNEY

STARTS MONDAY, AND HERE

IS BERRY PINK, WHO MADE

MARBLES A BIG BUSINESS

BY JOHN PROCTOR

PHOTOS BY ROBERT BOOTHIE

the United States entered the World War and Berry signed up in the Navy for the duration. After several trips as an ordinary seaman on Army transports he took an examination and was appointed to Annapolis. He was an ensign when he left the Naval Academy and when the Armistice came he was a lieutenant, senior grade. After the war he was in Government service here and abroad for 15 years, and then he resigned. (He has the rank of lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve.) Before entering the marbles business he tried several other businesses, but none successfully.

Berry's lucky accident happened when he was on a vacation at a West Virginia hotel. A fellow guest was a man in the glass business, and he suggested to Berry that he manufacture glass marbles. Berry said that he knew nothing about marbles except from having played with them as a boy (he was an ace player then, and he can beat most of the best players today), but the man said that he didn't have to know much about them to make them successfully and that he would help Berry get started. At that time practically all marbles were clay, and glass marbles were pretty expensive. The standard price for them was six for five cents. Berry thought he might have something if he could manufacture glass marbles to sell 20 for a nickel. He bought a machine that would make a few thousand marbles a day and bought up all the old glass he could get cheap. Glass factories were willing to give him their scrap if he would take it away, and in addition to that he got old beer bottles, cold cream jars, and anything else that could be converted into

glass marbles. His first factory was a one-room building in Sistersville, West Virginia. After he got into production, he went to a buyer at one of the big five-and-ten chains and asked him if he would be interested in giving an order for large quantities of marbles priced to sell at five cents for a bag of 20. "If you aren't crazy, I'm interested," the store man said, and he asked how many marbles could be supplied. Berry thought he could turn out about 80,000 a day. He was told that that would be only enough to supply one of the chain's large stores. The next problem was, therefore, to increase production enough to supply the probable demand for glass marbles at the unusually low price.

Glass marbles, like glass, are made principally out of sand, lime, and soda, so one essential for large production is a handy supply of good sand. An essential for low production cost is a cheap fuel such as natural gas. Berry found a good supply of both sand and natural gas in Ottawa, Illinois. He bought an old factory there and installed new and revolutionary marble-making equipment, much of which he and his associates invented. Now he employs 285 people in the factory, which runs 24 hours a day in four



Frankie Santo, son of a Theop, Pennsylvania, coal miner, was 1938 national champion. Berry says a boy has to have as much skill as a billiardist like Hoge to win the championship

six-hour shifts. His production is 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 marbles a day and they are all sold f.o.b. factory. They are bought not only in this country but as far away as the Orient, Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. Besides making almost all of the marbles sold, he has done better by the youngsters of the nation than even he thought he could at first. Today Marble King marbles sell 30 for a nickel, and 50% of the marbles in each bag are red ones. Those are the most expensive to make, but they are also the most popular. When Berry first went into the marbles business, a red glass marble was a rarity. He has made them commonplace, but red is still the most popular color.

BERRY PINK is now 38 and unmarried. He lives with his mother, Mrs. Anna Pink, in Passaic, New Jersey, where he was born. He has an office and an apartment in New York. His father was Norwegian and his mother is French, and until prohibition the family business was the making of fine liquor. But Berry has never even tasted liquor except unintentionally. When he was a boy, he and his pals used to hang around the family distillery on hot days waiting until one of the big vats was emptied of hooch and filled with fresh water. Then they would dive in and use the vat for a swimming hole. One day he and a couple of friends dived in without looking, and the vat was still filled with whiskey. The alcohol blinded them

temporarily and they swallowed enough of it to get good and fried. "That may be," Berry told me, "why I never had any interest in drinking the stuff. Even now I can't stand the smell of it."

Berry's principal hobby is golf and he can shoot most any course in par. He also likes to travel, particularly if on his trips he can talk to kids and play marbles with them, and he has been all over this country, to Europe 34 times, and roused the world twice. He has lectured before more than 200 Rotary, Kiwanis, and other service clubs and has been on many radio programs. He collects unusual marbles for his own interest and his collection of 3,800 marbles is continuously on an exhibition tour of the country in charge of a man who lectures about it. In the collection are marbles of jade, emerald, silver, and gold. One marble is from King Tut's tomb, another is from an Aztec palace, and there is one from England more than a thousand years old. Berry has traced marbles back to the Stone Age, when they were merely round pebbles.

THE Marble King doesn't just turn out the same old product year after year.



Billy Kloss of Canton, Ohio, was 1937 champion. Berry keeps track of boys who impress him. He thinks so much of Billy that he plans to take him into his business when he's old enough.

He's far too smart for that. His manufacturing processes are now so perfect that he can control designs and colorings in marbles about as he wants to. So he gives his customers a new line of designs and colorings annually, and the way he decides what they will prefer is by having them make the choices themselves. Every spring he goes round to a number of schools and gets permission from the principals to announce that at recess each boy who got 100 in spelling that day will be given a free bag of marbles. Then Berry lays out his samples, several bags of each new kind, and lets the youngsters pick whichever appeal to them. The ones they fall for hardest are those Berry makes next season.

Berry is strong for helping youngsters improve themselves and he is now working on a plan whereby he can offer champion marbles players something really worth while. His idea is to divide the country into six sections, have an elimination tournament in each of them, and give each sectional winner a scholarship in some college of good academic rating. Each scholarship would be worth about \$1,000, and to most of the boys, that would make the difference between their being able to go to college or not.

It is Berry's conviction that a marbles champion has to have many of the qualities that it takes to excel in most any field of endeavor, and he says that after he has played a few games of marbles with any boy,

he can tell just what kind of character that boy has. Also, Berry maintains, a marbles champ today has to be as skillful as a billiard player of the Willie Hoppe or Ralph Greenleaf class, and winning a national championship is really a great tribute not only to a boy's skill but also to determination and courage. Which is all the more reason, in Berry's opinion, why a winner should be given a really worth-while prize.

IT is a bad week when Berry Pink isn't able to think of some new use for marbles, and it is these new uses which account for the major part of his business today and which he expects to account for more of it all the time. One use he has found for marbles is in highway signs, and many markers which light when a car's headlights strike them are made with Marble King marbles. They are in use in some 30 States. Berry also sells marbles to be sunk in the center of paved roads. They gleam when struck by headlights, and show the motorist the middle of the road at curves and dangerous intersections. And Berry thought of using red glass marbles in reflectors for the back of autos, and has sold millions more marbles as a result. Berry had another colossal idea for using marbles when he thought of reviving Chinese checkers. He sold 2,000,000 games himself before he decided that he should stay out of the games business. He did not want to compete with the games companies that buy marbles from him for many of their products, so he voluntarily retired from Chinese checkers except to supply marbles for them. About 15,000,000 of the games have been bought so far, and the vogue is by no means over.

THE question Berry is asked most often is what becomes of marbles. Obviously they are not easily destructible and even though they are lost one might think that enough would be left by any youngster so that he wouldn't often have to have a new supply. But that apparently is not the case, for Berry each year sells more marbles for playing than he sold the year before, and he himself has no better idea of what becomes of the

old marbles than anybody else has. All he knows is that even by making hundreds of millions each year he cannot keep up with the demand and that kids seem to be getting more interested all the time. But if Berry didn't have the sales of his marbles to tell him of the interest in them, his fan mail would. After appearing on a national radio program he got so much mail that it took ten girls three months to answer all the letters, and so far this year he figures that he has had letters from at least 180,000 boys and girls.

To every youngster who plays with him Berry gives a free bag of marbles and he also lets him pick a bull's-eye agate from one of the many which he carries with him. Berry takes great pride in these agates. He is the only one in the country who has them and he gets about 10,000 a year at a cost of about a dollar apiece to himself. He has never sold one. He gives them all away to youngsters and nothing, he says, has given him so much satisfaction as to see the gleam in a boy's eye when he's been offered one of the beautiful bull's-eyes.

The National Marbles Tournament was started as a newspaper promotion stunt 18 years ago for the Scripps-Howard papers by Max Cook of the Cleveland Press. Scripps-Howard still interest themselves in it, but now the competition is beyond the control of any one group of papers. Today more than 300 newspapers are involved and Berry Pink estimates that there have been about 1,000,000 youngsters competing all over the country this year. When a local champion is crowned, he is usually sponsored by a local newspaper, which pays his expenses to the nearest sectional tournament. And when sectional champions are selected, the newspapers pay their expenses to the national tournament.

I hope you will study the pictures of Berry with this article so that if you see any newspaper the week after next showing the national marbles champion, you will be able to spot the Marble King. And if the champion does turn out to be the girl who was worrying Berry the day I saw him, you might try to determine whether or not he's still concerned.

The chances are that he won't be, because by that time he'll have had a week of his favorite fun—playing marbles all day, every day, with the kind of kids he loves—and he should be without a worry in the world. Indeed, as people have doubtless been saying to him almost since the moment he was christened, he should be in the Berry Pink!



Dark horse of the 1938 tournament was Cleveland's Ruth Laphon. She beat all the boys at home and started cleaning up in the national. When Frankie Santo finally spotted her, a lot of male marblers (including Mr. B. Pink) were vastly relieved.



The scene of the National Marbles Tournament at Wildwood, New Jersey. On each octagonal platform a ring is outlined. There is an official scorer for each contest, and the progress of the entrants is posted on a blackboard for spectators' reference.

THOSE FLICKERS IN YOUR EYES



In "Goodbye Mr. Chips" Robert Donat as the shy and misunderstood schoolmaster, Mr. Chipping, looks of his wife, Greer Garson, with real gratitude, for it is she who is responsible for the change in his character which rapidly makes him the most popular master of Brookfield School.



In "Only Angels Have Wings" Cary Grant as an airline pilot does some of his highest flying (literally!). And Jean Arthur as the love interest makes the most of her opportunities—both historically speaking and with her man Grant.

"GOODBYE MR. CHIPS"

Produced by MGM
Directed by Sam Wood

CAST—Robert Donat, Greer Garson, Terry Kilburn, Lyn Harding, John Mills, Paul Von Hentz.

SITUATION—Young Mr. Chipping (Robert Donat) goes to Brookfield School in England as a master, equivalent of an instructor in an American school. Unwittingly he makes himself unpopular with the boys, but he stays on. In middle age he goes on a walking tour of central Europe and meets Greer Garson on a mountaintop. They are married, and through her influence he becomes the most popular master at the school. Then Greer dies, and Donat gives the rest of his life to Brookfield.

COMMENT—Before this picture Robert Donat was considered one of the screen's finest actors. His current portrayal should put him almost in a class apart. Many others were considered for the role of Mr. Chips, among them Charles Laughton. We can now thank whoever made the decision that Donat was selected. His is one of the most comprehensive and convincing characterizations yet to reach the screen. From a shy and overserious young man he progresses to a sprightly and mellow

old one with consummate acting skill.

But Robert Donat is not the whole picture. It would be unfair not to give the writers, director, and the rest of the cast a share in the large amount of praise that the film deserves.

Writers R. C. Sherif, Claudine West, and Eric Maschwitz had a particularly difficult assignment. It was to take James Hilton's famous book of the same title and bring it to the screen without losing any of the delicate, tender charm that Hilton had put into it. In addition they had to add many scenes only suggested by Mr. Hilton in his story, and still retain the original spirit. This they have done beautifully. Nothing of the book is lost and much is added. My one minor complaint is that the walking tour sequence drags a bit.

Director Sam Wood rates hearty and long applause for his interpretation. It seems just right.

Newcomer Greer Garson did not impress me strongly in her first few scenes. But by the time she made her exit from the picture, I had gone overboard (like the majority of the critics). Miss Garson is mature and lovely, a finished actress. She should be prominently cast from now on.

You will enjoy the scenes of English school life, especially those involving young Terry Kilburn. He portrays three generations of the Colley family attending Brookfield. The best of Master Kilburn's scenes is his last with Donat, when, a new boy at Brookfield, he is tricked by schoolmates into paying a visit to the ancient and venerable Mr. Chips. By this time Chips knows all the tricks practiced by the boys and turns the tables on Terry's hazers.

I like Donat best in his transition period of middle age. His gestures and mannerisms at that time of Mr. Chips' life can safely be called great artistry. Still shy, awkward and fumbling, lonely, and gallant in a middle-aged way, Mr. Chips in the Donat portrayal is one of the most humanly appealing figures I have ever seen on the screen.

OPINION—Run to your theatre where it is playing. And get there early if you expect to get a seat!

"ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS"

Produced by Columbia
Directed by Howard Hawks

CAST—Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Richard Barthelmess, Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, Allyn Joslyn, Sig Ruman, Victor Kilian, John Carroll, Donald Barry, Noah Beery, Jr., Maciste, Melissa Sierra, Lucio Villegas.

SITUATION—The scene is a Central American port. Sig Ruman owns an airline managed by Cary Grant. They are nearing the time when Ruman will get a mail subsidy—provided Cary keeps the ships running on schedule. Jean Arthur gets off a boat, falls in love with Cary, and decides to stay. A new pilot, Richard Barthelmess, arrives. He proves to be a pilot despised by pilots everywhere because he once bailed out of a plane and left his mechanic to crash to his death. Worse, the mechanic was the brother of Thomas Mitchell, Cary's pal, and Mitchell has sworn to avenge his brother. But Cary needs pilots, so he hires Dick and gives him all the dirty work. Finally, after much has happened, on a stormy night Dick and Mitchell take out the last plane to be run for the mail subsidy.

COMMENT—This picture is beautifully made and excellently acted, but somehow I kept saying to myself "So what?" Perhaps because the story failed to make me care enough about what happened to anyone in it.

Cary Grant is superb. It is his fattest role to date, and he milks it. Jean Arthur is subordinated to Cary—which couldn't be helped; the story is that kind—but she makes the most of her opportunities. Thomas Mitchell is excellent, as usual. And for once he isn't called upon to play a drunk. Also good is Sig Ruman as the proprietor of the airline. Noah Beery, Jr. and Lucio Villegas, who plays a native doctor, are worthy of special mention. This picture brings Richard Barthelmess back to the screen. His role is a meaty one and he should get other important jobs as a result of his performance. This department has often wondered why so capable an actor as Mr. Barthelmess should suddenly disappear from the screen and be absent for three or four years. It will be a pleasure to look forward to his future appearances.

The flying stuff is grand—especially the scenes of the plane burning in the air, with Barthelmess redeeming himself by staying at the controls.

OPINION—Technically, swell. A big, strong, handsome film—with a weak heart.



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ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH

(Continued from page 12)

mony. The fact that the little house bore a startling resemblance to a Chic Sale specialty was no accident.

Alice Faye and Tyrone Power indulged in some cross-ribs while they were working together in "Rose of Washington Square." Alice started receiving corsages of scallions, done up in beautiful florist's boxes, at five-minute intervals. There was never a card, and Alice became increasingly testy about the unwanted gifts with their derogatory implications. Just when her temperature was mounting to a new high, Ty finally admitted he had sent them. Then Alice went to Ty's dressing room and securely nailed his comfortable old house slippers to the floor.

A BIG-TIME practical joker who doesn't operate in Hollywood is William Stanley Sims. Formerly a certified public accountant, Sims in the past dozen years has found that masquerading as a physician, minister, or some other professional man and doing humorous monologues is a much more amusing way of making a living.

Delegates who attended a church convention in Birmingham, Alabama, recently will long remember the sensational speech made by a visiting "dignitary" at the banquet that ended the convention. After being introduced as an authority on religions, Sims announced that he was an unfrocked minister and would talk on "Why I Am an Atheist and Like It!"

Sims's audiences are bewildered and sometimes infuriated but more often convulsed by his performance. But of all the groups he speaks before, he finds doctors the hardest to fool.

"I delivered a speech on something I called human congestion at the 1936 convention of the New York State Medical Association in Albany, at which I was supposed to be a distinguished foreign specialist," Sims told me. "I had a lot of medical apparatus on the platform which I used for demonstrations during my talk. Of course, everything I said was just opposite to what medical science accepts. Soon the doctors began turning to one another, saying, 'What's this fellow talking about?' and 'He's got everything all talled up.' A few of them didn't catch on for a long time, but most of them guessed fairly quickly that it was all monkey business."

"On the other hand, when I posed as a famous Viennese nerve specialist and talked on neuroses before the New Jersey Neurological Association at Atlantic City, they listened to me most respectfully for 25 minutes."

Sims, who is booked through a famous lecture bureau in New York, finds it is easy to avoid answering embarrassing questions by instructing the toastmaster or presiding officer to tell the assemblage beforehand that their "distinguished guest" suffers from a hearing defect and is sensitive about it. And so if a difficult question is asked, Sims pretends not to hear it, and the questioner is usually too polite to press the point.

Now that ribbing is widely spreading throughout the country, here's a word of advice from the experienced practitioners: Everybody likes a laugh as long as the rib remains relatively harmless, but when a gag gets rough and enters the bodily-harm school of humor, the laughs are harder to get. In fact, if the victim gets hurt, they may be entirely missing. Then instead of being a prank, it becomes assault. Of course, to carry everything off successfully you've got to be something of an actor. No fair breaking down right in the middle and giving the whole works away. And a final caution: If you're on the receiving end, take it good-naturedly, for the worm is bound to turn and you'll be able to laugh long and last when you put over your own piece of tomfoolery—all in the spirit of good clean fun.

A MATTER FOR EXPERTS

(Continued from page 9)

stater's word if he assures us it's genuine? And what if they are going to try and sell it to Harrison Saunders?"

Brad shook his head slowly, then said, "Keep going. You can do better than that." "But there isn't any more," Lorne said. "But I can describe the painting, if that would help. It's just a wood panel about a foot and a half wide and two feet high. It's a painting of a man and woman standing in a large room with light coming down from a high leaded-glass window. And then there's a little ray of light. It certainly seems very odd and it's beautifully done. I found out where it was stored in the attic, and I got it down the other night and went over it very carefully."

Brad was shining the bowl of his pipe in the palm of his hand. "You didn't need to examine it too closely," he said, "to assure yourself that until quite recently that painting had never been in your attic, did you? You see, I had a garret when I was a youngster and I knew every last item in it from the old medical books to Aunt Susie's crinolines. I knew the number of beams in the roof and boards in the floor. I even knew the mice by their first names. So that makes it a different story, doesn't it? And that's why you sent for an—ah—expert."

Defiance flamed across Lorne's face, but for only an instant. She met the steady probing of his eyes and wavered. With a little helpless gesture of her shoulders, she said quietly, "Yes. Yes, that's true. I'm almost sure it wasn't there before. I—I hardly know what to think. There's nothing really definite."

"There's something," Brad said, "very definite about a gas."

Brad made a sucking sound through her teeth. "You know that?"

"I know it now," Brad said. "I knew you'd seen something this afternoon as Hoffstater stepped into the room buttoning up his double-breasted. Even a double-breasted suit can't entirely hide a bulge under the arm—if you look for it."

"Yes, it was just a flash glimpse I had," Lorne said, "but I was sure of that. Listen—her fingers had closed tight about his arm—something's wrong, something's awfully wrong, and I'm afraid Dad's in it somewhere. I've got to trust you. This painting's in the library—up behind a picture over the fireplace—wrapped in brown paper. Couldn't—wouldn't you examine it tonight? I've got to know!"

"Now," Brad said, "maybe we're getting somewhere."

As he walked back across the grounds to the house, Brad drew in a long breath of cool Maine air and let it out slowly. The pieces of the puzzle were beginning to fit together now. It was Hoffstater's painting and Hoffstater had planted it here. But there were still parts of the setup that didn't fit. He was shuffling the pieces in his mind as he knocked out the heel of his pipe and stepped in through the side door to the kitchen. Halfway through the door his hand froze on the knob. He dropped the pipe into his pocket and slid noiselessly across the kitchen and plastered his face against the crack in the far door.

Hoffstater, his hand cupping the mouthpiece of the phone, was saying, "Matthews—Bradley Matthews. Check on him, Amy. Check every list you've got. . . . What? . . . No, stupid, I'm not taking any chances. He's a dick or a ten percent. They've given this up long ago. Besides, I know them all."

So would I rather play with Saunders, but if he doesn't bite, there's no use chucking this bet into the ash can. . . . Well, check him at your end and let me know tonight."

The receiver clicked and Brad held his

breath as Hoffstater sauntered out the front door. Then Brad lunged for the phone.

"Toll operator, please!" he said. "Hello. Say, I've just put a long distance through. Can you give me the time and charges on it? . . . Yeah, and what was that number again, like a nice girl? . . . No, I don't want you to call it now, but I want you to burn through a call to the Northern Surety in Boston. And don't spare the boss."

Sammy was still stretched out on the bed when Brad drove into the room. "Hey," Sammy said, opening one eye. "Have you found what I'm supposed to be? If it's a hairdresser or a reporter, I'm getting out of here."

"You're getting out of here, anyway," Brad said. "You're getting down to the lumber yard and doing me an errand. Get on your toes."

"Lumber? Oh, so now we're lumber experts."

"No," Brad said. "I want to build you a dollhouse. I just found out you're supposed to be Shirley Temple."

BRAD knew the instant he got downstairs that next morning that something was up the flue. As he stalked into the long living room rubbing the Maine morning chill from his fingers and following the exciting odor of frying bacon, he saw Lorne standing there framed in the kitchen doorway. She stood motionless in a block of tawny sunlight, and her eyes met him head on.

"You slept well, Mr. Matthews?" she asked. "I always sleep well," Brad said, "because my heart is pure."

Lorne waited until he came within her reach, then she extended a letter. "This will probably amuse your pure lilky-white heart. It's a note from a Mr. Hanson stating briefly that he's been unable to find an art expert available at the moment and suggesting that I bring the painting in question to Boston."

Brad didn't look at the letter. He creased it twice in his long fingers, his eyes fixed on Lorne. "Well," he said, "then I wonder who I am."

"Perhaps," Lorne suggested scathingly, "you'd better think hard. You aren't a cameraman down here for the wedding, by any chance, are you? I took the liberty of examining your car. . . . Well, are you? What do you want here? There's nothing here to interest you!"

"You're here," Brad said. "You interest me. And incidentally, I might say I don't like to be interrogated before breakfast. I'm not at my best."

"You'd better go," Lorne said. "Now."

"I should have gone yesterday," said Brad. "But now it's too late, angel." Brad moved forward with a sudden motion that carried Lorne bodily into the kitchen. With his heel he kicked the door shut behind him. Then he set her down. "Excuse my bruising tactics, Miss Varnum, but I haven't time for the sheep dog approach. First let me say before you slander me again that I'm not a cameraman. I'm a reporter and I came here yesterday for a room. And I stayed on because from where I stood I could see trouble with you right smack in the middle of it."

"An expert?" she said furiously. "I don't know who I trusted you?"

"Your instinct told you to trust me. It was the same instinct that warned you Hoffstater is a phony. And heed this, angel: In some lines I am an expert—and this is one of them."

Lorne was still now, probing Brad's eyes. "Then you think it's you—mean Dad and Hoffstater?"

"Your father knew that picture was planted here; we can't get around that. He needs the money, and this proposition of planting an old master in his attic to make a gullible collector like Saunders think that

(Please turn to page 18)

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

(Continued from page 3)

AFTER a long silence another fire letter comes from our old-time friend Elizabeth Davis, 509 N. Lincoln Ave., Arlington, Virginia, assuring us that she still enjoys *THE FAMILY CIRCLE* MAGAZINE, especially the Personal Touch department, and explaining that illness makes it impossible for her to write many letters. We know that many of our readers (especially those who have enjoyed correspondence with Miss Davis) will share our regret in hearing of her illness. We wish her a speedy recovery and we send her our thanks for this contribution.

SPLINTERS FROM THE CROSS

*Little headaches, little heartaches,
Little griefs of everyday!
Little trials and temptations,
How they throng around our way!*

*One great cross immense and heavy,
So it seems to us our weak will,
May be borne with resignation,
But these many small ones kill.*

*Yet all life is formed of small things,
Little leaves make up the trees,
Many little drops of water,
Blending, make the mighty sea.*

*So these many little burdens
Pressing on our hearts so hard,
All uniting, form a life's work,
Meriting a grand reward.*

*Let us not, then, by impatience
Mar the beauty of the whole,
But for the love of Jesus bear all
In the silence of our soul;*

*Ashing Him for grace sufficient
To sustain us through each loss,
And to treasure each small offering
As a splinter from the cross.*

—BARBARA BAKEN

A MATTER FOR EXPERTS

(Continued from page 17)

he is first on the scene of a rare find seems an innocent enough deception, I suppose. But now I think your father's beginning to wonder if things are what they seem. No, your father doesn't know the truth. Because the truth is that he's slated, in case things go wrong, to be the fall guy. Once he has the cash, Hoffstater's going to disappear into thin air and leave your father holding the bag.

"Then it is a fake!"

"Oh, no! To me that gun doesn't fit into that picture. The gentle art of palm-reading, I think, doesn't need a gun. You can bluff your way out of being found with a phony painting. You were just mistaken yourself—that's the out on that, and nobody can do anything about it unless an intent to defraud can be established. Yesterday afternoon I heard Hoffstater on the phone getting someone to check the lists of art collectors for my name. When he referred to a 'ten percent', my hunch descended. In insurance jargon a ten percent is a gent who recovers stolen property for insurance companies for ten percent of the insured value. And here's my hunch, angel: That picture's hot—hotter than the hinges of Hades!"

Lorne gave a long gasp. "Stolen? But Dad surely doesn't know that. Dad wouldn't—oh, I've got to see him!"

Brad caught her shoulder. "You're playing this way," he said. "I got in touch with Frank Cronin of Northern Surety. I've set him to checking art thefts in recent years through the files of every insurance outfit in the country. I've given him the number Hoffstater called in Boston, and he's checking that. You can bet your shirt that Hoffstater

has seen to it that the rumor of the find is about town, and if Harrison Saunders is the sucker I'm told he is, he'll jump for the bait like a speckled trout. He'll probably come high-tailing it over here this morning waving a checkbook."

"But what about Dad?" whispered Lorne anxiously. "Can't you see that whatever he's done, he's done only for me? He doesn't want me to lose the only home I've ever known, and he needs money desperately to save it. He's not really dishonest!"

"I know," Brad said. "Your father had no idea what he was getting into. And if you play this way, I'll get him out of it with clean hands. I'll explain that your father has been playing along with us to trap Hoffstater. Now, listen—"

Suddenly they were both listening. The door into the living room had opened and voices filled the room. "Of course, Mr. Saunders," Hoffstater was saying unctuously, "I've already concluded the deal with Mr. Varnum here. Once I assured myself that this is a genuine Van Eyck, I wasted no time about it, you can be sure. I've a client in the Middle West who'll take any Van Eyck I can dig up and not quibble about price."

"But after all," Saunders protested, "you're a dealer and you're in this business for profit. If you can guarantee this painting, I'll take it off your hands and you'll have a fair profit. I don't understand why you didn't notify me at once, Mr. Varnum. If I hadn't heard this rumor it's my loss."

The closing of the library door swallowed up the voices. Lorne Varnum's eyes met Brad's, and she said quietly, "All right, I'll back your play, Brad Matthews. What is it?"

"Right now," Brad said, "it looks as if I've got to bluff it through. Get the State police up here. If Hoffstater gives his hand away, I'll take a chance and hold him for having that gun. And you might give Sam Goff a break. Tell him Saunders is here but to keep out of the way with his camera until I'm through. Then just pray that my hunch is right."

HOFSTATER'S slim fingers were fumbling at the string that bound a flat package when Brad pushed through the library door. Slim, faultlessly tailored Harrison Saunders was bending eagerly forward.

Mr. Varnum, just turning from stirring the blaze on the hearth, saw Brad first. Before Varnum could speak, Brad said, "Is this sporting, gentlemen, having this unveiling without me? I've come a long way to see this little treasure."

Hoffstater's fingers fell still. Without turning his head, he said, "Do you know this man, Mr. Saunders? Mr. Matthews professes to be here for your wedding."

"Never saw him before!" Saunders snapped impatiently. "Look here, Hoffstater, let's get on with this. I'm to be married today. If this man is here to see this Van Eyck, I believe I can catch any offer he can make."

Brad's eyes didn't move from Hoffstater's motionless figure. "You're correct, Mr. Saunders. I'm here to see this Van Eyck, but I don't think you'll want to contest my bid. How about it, Hoffstater, do I see it?"

Mr. Varnum's face was working. He addressed Hoffstater. "If—if you've lied to me about this thing—"

"Shut up, you!" The guttural words exploded from Hoffstater's rigid lips. He turned on Brad, and as he spoke, his veneer of urbanity peeled off in great ugly patches. "Now, what's your little game, Matthews? Until I know, neither you nor anybody else is going to see this painting."

"Little game?" Brad shook his head. "To me ten percent of \$50,000 is big chips."

Hoffstater's eyes had contracted to pin points. His shoulders had hiked up as he measured the room.

"Don't be foolish, Hoffstater," Brad cautioned. "There's half a ton of State police

around this place with safety catches off. Maybe you'd better keep your hands where they are and call it a day."

Hoffstater was smiling. His fingers had relaxed. With a shrug he lifted the package from the table. Then with delectable swiftness he pivoted and flung the brown package into the crackling blaze in the fireplace.

Harrison Saunders gasped and drew forward, but he came up sharply as Hoffstater blocked the fire. There was a small, stubby gun in his hand.

"You're right, Matthews," Hoffstater said. "Let's not be foolish, yes, we can call it a day. In just a few minutes now I think that we can call the incident closed. I'll put this vulgar little thing away and depart like a gentleman." He gave one last glance at the blazing fire as he backed over to the door and flung it open. "It's too bad, Matthews, that you'll never know what was in that package. Ten percent of nothing—"

A ghostly pale flood of light filled the room. Sam Goff was framed in the open doorway, and beside him, her eyes burning brightly in a strained white face, stood Lorne Varnum. "Now let's have one with a smile on your kisser, Mr. Saunders," Sammy pleaded. He was already unscrewing his burnt flash bulb when Hoffstater whirled. Tangling himself in Sammy's legs, he went sprawling on the floor with Sam on top of him. The gun went clattering off into a corner.

Perched on Hoffstater's squirming back, Sam shoved his hat off his eye. "I come to a conclusion," Sammy said, "that something funny's going on around here!"

BRAD jammed the telephone receiver between his ear and shoulder and lit another cigarette. "Now listen, Chief," he said patiently. "I still don't know the difference between an old master and an old sock, unless the sock happens to be Sammy's, but when a guy barns the evidence, I don't have to be Philo Vance to arrive at the conclusion that he means to get off with something that isn't his. I wasn't taking much of a chance when I had him dumped into the town chateau. But I admit I had a few bad moments until I got that call through from Frank Cronin. This Van Eyck is just one of the little items stolen on the West Coast seven years ago. Frank took my tip and checked up on that Boston telephone number Hoffstater called. He moved in on an upholstery shop on Water Street and arrested four men and picked up a quarter of a million in stolen art. It turns out that Hoffstater, alias Martin, alias Horner, has been acting as a fence for one of the biggest art theft rings that's been uncovered in years. Frank's on his way here now with the Boston authorities to arrange for extradition and pick up this Van Eyck. . . . What? Say, what kind of dope do you think I am? That was 18c worth of board that Hoffstater burned up. I had Sam get it at a lumber yard and I substituted it for the painting in the package last night when I took the painting out to examine it. I've put the Van Eyck in my bag to wait for our ten percent."

Lorne Varnum bent forward and tapped Brad's wrist. "Your ten percent, Brad Matthews," she said firmly. "As it is, Dad and I will never be able to thank you enough. If you hadn't wandered in here—"

"You're going to have two weeks to thank me," Brad grinned. "Didn't your father tell you I'm invited here for my vacation? And I figure it's still our ten percent. If you hadn't looked so devastating in blue, I would have wandered right out again—what's that, Chief? . . . No, I'm not talking to you. But look here—how about giving me a rewrite on this so I can get it off my chest. Saunders is sending his chauffeur over for Sam and me. He'll be here any minute. . . . You don't give a what about the wedding? Well, maybe I do! It's about time I found out what this wedding business is all about!"

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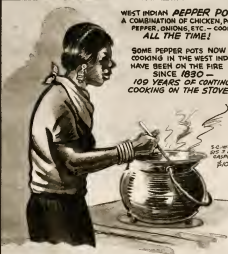


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